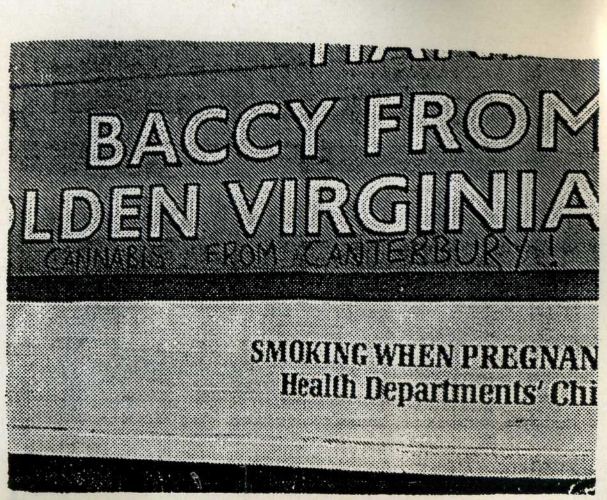
shag stamp no4- 50p



-WELL, here it is, the offering-up of the pathetic retchings from my latest installment in life, split with Duhhh coz I'll sell my soul for a glossy cover, ha ha! The voice now emerges from "Sheff" as we in the know affectionately call it, tho' trying to be inspired by the tree-lined avenues of social worker Netheredge territory is kinda hard; I mean I don't wanna sound like, "Hey, I wanna live in a shithole," but my mum wouldn't mind having a house round here- I'm waiting for the local neighbourhood watch group to come and get me- and wake up back in the real world. Hey, when it's real exciting, someone sees a squirrel, or forgets to put their wheelie bin out thursevening! -And why the automatic assumption I must be into clubbing, like Warp records fukkin city... (or is that just the students?) well, at least they know what to do with students round here... (Joke! before anyone gets all moral on me) -Had to consider selling my body to finance this fucker, trying to get work as an artists' life model, dead punk I reckon, expect an in-depth report on that next time! Yeah so I'm a student wanker, is this 6th form feminism, art-school wank, obscure punk shite, let us know okay? So anyway I've been having more fun than a sexually frustrated Brechtian opera singer having a semi-relationship with a celibate aromatherapy saleswoman from Hebden Bridge, yup yup! Hardcore's gonna be the next big thing (again) and wearing a Nausea T-shirt at a riot grrrl gig is where it's at (apparently).

THANX & HI to:- Russ, Anthony, Bruno D, Anja from Contropotere, Liz and Simon, Evan, Vicky and all the kids in Sheffield, and everyone else who writes to me or has said nice things about the zine. Inspiration and tinitus helped by:- Nausea, Amebix, Ambush, Contropotere (what a surprise! Rancid, Reagan Youth, Kurt Vonnegut, Kathy Acker, Bukowski (Uh-Oh-coffee-table police alert!) cider, vegan bikkies and strong coffee.

NEW ADDRESS!!
-The Shag Stamp empire has conveniently acquired an address in Sheffield (cheers Pete Pavement). I've yet to sort it out completely (ie, at all) but it is: P.O. Box 298, Sheffield S10 1YU, U.k. The Bradford address is still in use, but I don't go there much so expect poss. Delays in letter answering- you'll probably get em anyhow, life's been hectic lately. Soz, don't take it personally. GET IN TOUCH tho'. See yer, ave fun, finally finished this cunt Nov 6th '94.

NEWS & FAILED PROMISES
AIDAN has done a comp tape "Resist" with CDS, Jap's Eye, witchknot (yup), and loadsa other stuff- £2 postpaid or $4, trades welcome- from Aidan, 2 Leo Ave, Phibscoro, Dublin 7, Eire. also for latest Plastazine... XEROX HEAVEN is a big zine full of other zine reviews, 50p & 36p SAE from Roy Delaney, 22 Kingswick Drive, Sunninghill, Ascot, Berks SL5 7BQ... The best trade offer so far has had to've been Skuld who wanted to swop for home-made sanitary towels, I tastefully declined (gotta pay the bills y'know), but if you're interested they are re-usable, made from cloth, dead right-on and environmentally friendly and are $2 each each or trade, $16 for 8, plus stamps/IRCs if possible, to SKULD the RAG HAG, 13 North Loop, box 5, Rhinebeck, NY 12572, U.S... Evan and Woz are working on a hunt sabs benefit tape, if you're interested in being on it write to them at 59 Woodstock Rd, Netheredge, Sheffield S7 1HA... While we're on the subject of Sheffield I'm gonna mention Sheffin (Free Information Network) and their drop in /info shop, been open about 4 or 5 months, it's on Crookes Valley Rd near the (proper) uni and there's lotsa stuff there and fuck it, we can't all have the 1 in 12 Club on our doorstep! -Oh and also a mention for BYPASS zine Coz I think it's ace. It's full of reviews of all different self-published stuff, a real boost for DIY networking and it's loads more interesting than it sounds! Send em yer zine (& 36p SAE) and get the copy with your review in for nowt, or just get a copy (£1.20 post-paid or $3 abroad) from Bypass, box B, 111 Magdalen Rd, Oxford, OX4, U.K... Oh, and I'm still doing Shag Stamp distro, get a list from me; if you're female doing summat, write -I might be interested in selling it -contact the shag stamp address.

THE 1in12 CLUB

-Something about the 1 in 12 Club-
-FOR the last 3 years I have lived in Bradford with numerous homes and friends coming and going, pre-occupations changing etc, I guess the 3 constants in my life have been MY BOYFRIEND, signing on every 2 weeks and the 1 in 12 club. Moving to Sheffield means I'm gonna stop signing on and tho' the other 2 are still gonna be part of my life it won't be the same. I s'pose I don't think whether I enjoy going to the club or working there anymore, I just do and it's part of my life in Bradford, I assume that, I take it for granted. Sometimes I hate it and I bitch about it and I only go there coz I think I ought to, sometimes I tell myself I'm through with it, then a crisis comes up and I forget my differences and muddle through -Somehow. Sounds like an old marriage, don't it.

Anyhow point is the present crisis isn't the first but it could be the last, simple fact being we're sick of crises. And the thought starts to emerge that maybe the 1 in 12 won't be around for ever. This youth club, this safe house for people to play at being weird until they get a job, get bored and can look down on us and say, "I used to be a punk once. Now I pay £8 to see ---sub-Pop band, and I can coz I've got a job", -it might be gone. Well, what do I care, I'm moving to Sheffield, without the other constant I'd probably stop coming to Bradford anyway, without the club certainly. I do care; I don't want the 1 in 12 to close- but it's got to improve. People have got to stop assuming it'll always be around for them to come and rip off and drink late cheaply when they can't afford to go to Rios. Last night I heard that someone had put a poster up against the Criminal Justice Bill in the building which said, "Despite the strike, trains are still running," so people could get to some event. Is that what things have become One cause better than another? Or just a case of hippies not thinking?

-So I was just gonna write an appeal initially asking for support, but it didn't seem the Shag stamp way. The 1 in 12 means a lot to me -what about you? Shit if you give a toss get involved, but don't you dare fuckin say I told you so if it goes under and blame the people who actually did something.

-I wrote this when I was still living in Bradford and kinda fed up, the 1 in 12 was in a bad way, 'specially morale wise; since then people have pulled together, spirits seem higher- stuff like the h/c fest make me realize it's still worth the shit. The future's looking better, but the place still needs support, so visit, drink and enjoy! the 1 in 12 Club, 21-23 Albion St, Bradford BD1 2LY tel 0274 734160.

-Something about feminism about politics and feminism being difficult to talk about coz I don't know, and maybe I'd rather take some time to think and learn before I start shooting my mouth off.

Over the past few months I've really felt like some folks have been expecting way too much serious philophizing out of me. There's a lot I don't know about, a whole lot I just don't feel like spending my whole life having to think about. I really don't feel like taking a course in women's studies before you'll let me talk about myself. I hope I haven't set myself up as summat I aint; don't hold me up as any feminist guru (just the idea seems absurd) -sometimes the more I think about it, or am asked to think about it, the more I feel confused, constrained, the more it fucks me off. I can't answer questions on women's sexuality as a whole when I've still not got my own shit sorted. Look I drink, I have a sense of humour, I laugh at the wrong things, I'm blunt and rude and a fuckin human being. So I don't always haul people up for shit but I can only LIVE like this. Not perpetually serious and fighting the cause, what ever cause. I agree that drink and drugs anaesthetize us and prevent us from planning the revolution or whatever but give me a fucking break Life's a fuckin drag and I have a point where I have to stop, where the responsibility ends. I can't "do" single issue politics, no matter what.

-Amusing news story (after the man who came out of a coma by listening to a Butlins band covering an Elton John song) had to be the thing on Look North about households being encouraged to "adopt a copper" for the weekend, feed and put them up, to break down cultural divisions (or something). It's being piloted in Scunthorpe but Asian families seem reluctant to take up the offer (I wonder why- maybe you could get them to do the housework while they were there?

-MOVING'S fuckin weird. Moving to a new town. Starting afresh. Making new friends. Going to a place where everything's different, the scene's different. What was cool is met with bewildering looks, hardcore's irrelevant (unless you're on about rave music), little inpunk politics don't matter. Trying to make genuine chums when student superficiality, people who introduce themselves in terms of what drugs they've taken, people I can deal with maybe on a work basis, just the feeling of signing on for the last time, yeah I hated that place but it was a mainstay, we'd known each other 3 years, a reliable giro every fortnight, and at least you had an identity on the dole, now you're one of THEM, one of the fuckers who hang around in the aisles in supermarket deciding what flavour yogurt to buy and paying by switch, and what was I in Bradford, does it matter anymore? And moving on, uprooting myself. ..Yeah, I left home for the first time with excitement, exhilerating independence, why do I now just see bare walls and binliners, houses I can't go back to, postcodes I'd memorized; no 1 in 12 safe house, no boyfriend to take to the pub so's I don't have to ask anyone else, just ...the unknown quantity of 'independence!

-First impressions. Biased, prejudicial pre-conceptions, I am better than you even though I've never spoken to you before.

-After a month "settling in". I live here now, "it's what I make of it" they keep telling me. And the language I learned in Bradford seems worthless; or it did until I realized I had to start taking it as it comes. why am I so superior to them? have I done something more?

CONTROPOTERE

-Well, more like a 1 year old Italian scene report really)

for the power that everyone
possesses as a potential for

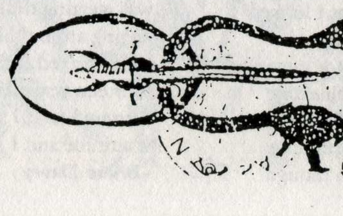
FOR THE POWER THAT EVERYONE POSSESSES AS A POTENTIAL FOR TRANSFORMATION
AGAINST ALL KINDS OF IMPOSED POWER

-Right, this is what finally evolved from a hoped-for CONTROPOTERE interview over a year ago for S.S no.2. I've lost the copy of the original questions I had but anyway the only real reply I got was from ANJA, who's been with them for 3 (4 now probably YEARS) doing performance, merchandise, distro (with Lucia), tour organizing, driving and foreign correspondance. I think this original interview was meant to be a collaboration with Lucia but in the end it's come out being about the punk/ squatter scene in Italy and the traditional role of women over there. I've edited it to make the English flow a bit more but hopefully I've kept it pretty similar, though it is now about a year old.

"I can only talk about squatting in Italy from my own experiences in the last 3 years playing concerts with Contropotere, as we almost always stayed and played at squats. Almost every town has a squat, and in cities like Romeand Milano there are quite a few; two in these towns have in the last 10- 15 years become political "institutions" supported by strong political movements and well known all over Europe. People here use squatting not just as a way to get a free space in which to live but also in order to buld up a cultural and political centre, as in Italian towns there are hardly any places like this. This becomes obvious when you realize that most Italian squats are named C.S.A. (Centro sociale Autogestitio/ self-directed social centre).

Napoli has 3 currently existing squats, one just to live in and 2 which are social centres with exhibitions, meetings, cinemas, concerts, bar, etc; personally I think squatting is one way to try to get a foot inside the door of the government, of housing politics, speculation and the complete change from the old, live and payable (??-ed quarters to yuppie districts, as well as a good way to actively and independently create your own self- produced self- directed and self- responsible political and cultural environment. It is also the building-up of a useable place for everyone without any of the restrictions normally placed on us daily in our society, like money- as well as to stabilize and support an already existing scene.

As for punks in Italy- there has never been any obviously (to look at) punks over here. In fact, most people you meet here at concerts or in squats look quite 'normal' for someone used to the German or English scene. Maybe this developed because people here are much more intolerant than somewhere else, but then you have totake into account the difference between the North of Italy where the people are much more rich but also more ignorant, even fascist, and there's more intolerance to people who don't conform, who they won't accept into their society. Here in the South the people are also ignorant in the sense that they



don't mix too much and are maybe also intolerant, but this is more because they're not used to seeing people who seem strange to them. The young people can give you problems; the older ones are mostly just curious. Anyway it's hard to go around on the streets over here 'cause everyone looks at you, talks behind your back and gives you problems. I can say that after being a punk in Germany for 10 years I was used to the grade/ level of ignorance over there and didn't notice anymore, but when I came to Italy it was impossible not to notice anything, or even try to, even without understanding any word! After 3 years here and being able to speak pretty good Italian I still don't really like to go out alone.

Anyway, certainly women get even more problems than men, especially as a foreign woman; the guys play little gameswith you, whistle behind your back and say things they probably wouldn't with an Italian woman. I mean this is the same place that you see 10 year-old girls going round on the streets made up like a "bitch" with very offensive clothing, make up, etc, left in peace, but ~~as~~ a foreign woman wearing the same will probably be actually treated like a bitch. This is (a contradiction of ?-ed) the traditional view with the girls looking very offensive, going around with guys, but nothing more because if something "happens" they have to marry, and if you look at most Italian female teenagers you realize that they've got a very traditional view of life (and that they don't even know how "emancipation" is written) ie, to marry as soon as possible and have children, also because there's no jobs for anyone, especially women. In fact the widespread picture (role/ function/ look) of the typical Italian woman in society is still very clear and fixed. A woman has to be quiet,nice, feminine etc, mustn't occupy her head with anything but fashion, family, etc,.. I mean I don't think Italy is still in the Middle ages and there's no emancipation etc, but especially here in the South you find this ancient traditional thinking very often, even among young people. So anyway- as a woman (foreign or born here) if you don't conform to their female role you can have a lot of problems- especially if you fight back at the shit treatment (men might even hit you 'cause they don't see you as a woman) but we still do it! It's not as bad as you probably think now, just a bit stressful and fortunately the shit things don't happen that often!"

-You can contact Contropotere **c/o L.Vitrone via Stella 110 Napoli 80137 Italia**

-Cheers Anja for that!

LEAVE ME LONELY

I sat to one side of the room. I had paid my £2.50 and swopped a few words with the woman on the door. I was alone now. The room, which was narrow for a venue, was fairly full. It was one of the few shows I've ever been to without someone else. Next to me was a record stall. I looked at the people as they flipped through the discs. I looked down at myself. I felt smart. On my shoulders was this crisp shirt, my legs had smart trousers. It had been that long since I'd been to a show. I seemed to be different. I began to think that everyone was taking little glances at me, that they were thinking to themselves that I looked un-punk. What the hell is looking un-punk? The first band came on, I sat at the side tapping my foot with the music. I still felt vulnerable and alone. I thought everyone was judging me, self-conscious paranoia. The people running the record stall were friendly enough though. They chatted to me while I selected some discs to purchase. They were even kind enough to look after my rucksack while I boogied on down to the second band. The music altered me. It was as if my exaggerated self awareness was being dusted away, releasing me from my ridiculous notions of appearance. I danced stupidly: stamping my feet and flailing my arms like a Travolta, but it wasn't stupid because I enjoyed it. I swopped words and dance moves with the drummer from the headlining American band whom I watched with similar enjoyment and relish. I didn't feel out of place anymore, it no longer mattered to me that I was wearing different clothes or that I was jigging around like a disco maniac while the bands played. I felt like I used to when I was a fourteen year old scenester. I felt that what mattered (and I still believe that's what matters) is attitude and I believe my attitude to be right.

-Bruno Davey

BRUNO'S ZINE 'ROMAN NOSE' IS FREE FOR AN SAE FROM:-
3, SHAVINGTON AVE. HOOLE, CHESTER CH2 3RD

GIG REVIEW- YOUTH AGAINST RACISM BENEFIT- BABY SILVERSKINS, NECKBRACE, GRAIN, STAX; QUEEN'S HALL, BRADFORD SEPT 12th '94

-Well, I had to hand it to the guy who'd set this up, he may be fond of dishing the dirt on my sordid past but I guess all his bullshitting paid off, 'coz he'd got the kids in. These bands may have been half-decent hardcore, considering all bar one was from round here, but this wasn't a hardcore gig by any stretch of the imagination. I found myself sitting amongst a hotbed of my old college course chums; going to the bogs I discovered more of the same, soon-to-be students talking about moving out of their folks' houses in gossipy Bradford accents (kinda stupid to think I hardly know anyone in bradford who's actually from round here; acid jazz types in horrendous stretchy tops; then there's the old Bradford crowd, cheesy metallers and the old SxE crew, what's left of 'em, out of touch and overweight.

Well, DETRI- MENTAL had pulled out, but I'm clueless as to what they're like anyhow. BABY SILVERSKINS opened, all the way from Cheshire, and looked kinda bemused by the crowd, guess it wasn't really their scene as the kids sat round the edge and clapped politely at the out-of-towners. NECKBRACE hammed it up with glee without Heath to hold them in line, who was mysteriously absent from the proceedings. All the old fat fuckers, the globules who arrive en masse and leave just as abruptly, took over the dancefloor, trying to be hard men no doubt, they couldn't even mosh properly; a very sad example for the youngsters. This gig obviously wasn't hip with the hardline edgers coz they all stayed at home.

GRAIN are probably gonna be in *Kerrang* in no time, maybe they'll remember us. Probably not. I blame Rage Against The Machine for it all personally, getting metallers into all this funk rap nonsense. They may be going on about gang violence from the suburbs of Idle village, but somehow they carry it off. STAX (Stax Wainwright All-Stars) have apparently been going for years and by Bradford standards were fuckin good, like a bad version of *Operation Ivy* or someone, though they certainly didn't look the part- what happened to punk rock hairdos, hardcore fashion's so fuckin lame these days. A stage invasion at the end led to some very silly dancing, with Neckbrace's drummer showing off his bad ska fancy footwork routine.

Maybe we should be hanging out in *Tumblers* or somewhere, that last band pissed on most of the 1 in 12 lot and I've never heard of 'em before. I'm obviously not aware of half of what goes on in Bradford, so busy scrutinizing my own navel. Shock horror these kids have never heard of Health Hazard, yeah they probably don't read *Heartattack* or Profane Existence, SO? So they're not interested in the hardcore scene, but then we in 'the scene' are so self-absorbed we never go out of the 1 in 12/ other selected venues, put our friends' bands on, sell our in-scene records within our closed circle to everyone else who's got a fuckin distro too, and yeah the incompetence of today's youth could be epitomized by their appalling fashion taste terrorism, but me thinks I really must get out there more.

"THE MORE HIP I GET TO THE 'H/C SCENE', THE MORE OUT-OF-TOUCH I GET TO MY OWN GENERATION'S EXCUSE FOR ALTERNATIVE CULTURE."

COMPETITION TIME!

- Let's play Call My Bluff with Nick Royals!

-Nailbomb apparently all got "NB" tattooed on their bellies, and this is why when they became Neckbrace they had to keep the same initials. True or false? I want documentary evidence of this urban myth, the winner wins a pair of chinos with added bogchain. Send all entries to 'Call my bluff with Nick Royals competition' at the Shag Stamp address.*

*The editor reserves the right to totally lie about prizes and indeed anything.

"this is not a

BOUTIQUE NIGHTMARE, or My Hell Trip in Top Girl....

Right, let's get one thing straight. Shopping is not fun, especially clothes shopping. I don't know who gave you that idea, but just about the only clothes I've bought in the last 4 or so years have been leggings and socks and pants out of sheer need- like when there's more hole than sock, they gotta go. I don't wanna waste my money on this boring stuff- as a hippy once said to me, immediately after having been caught wearing my (nicked) T-shirt- "You only need the one set of clothes what yer wearing anyhow."

So what brought this on. Shit, last time I did this kinda aimless wondering- I think they call it window-shopping- I must've been about 14. And when I was that age, I think I fitted into the clothes dangling off those grunge-babe dummies hanging out in the shop windows. Why, when I've always prided myself on being different from these folks, am I clandestinely ogling these 'boutique' wares, accidently-on-purpose tuning into The Clothes Show? Is this some kind of image crisis? An early second childhood? Whatever it is, I don't think it quite becomes me...

So I'm here. Looking round furtively to make sure I haven't been seen doing this. I walk into Miss Selfridges -I'm not used to this and a million cropped stretchy tops fly off their hangers as I clomp by a bit fast. Leave quick. Let's get out of here. What am I looking for anyway?

Right, Top Shop, Top Girl, whatever it's called. They play 2 songs through that tanoyed radio thing in here, "Radio-horrid-stretchy-top-land", that oh-so grunge-y Levis ad by "Stilt-skin" and the Levellers. Anarchy, free the land and buy a horrid frock while you're about it. There you go. I feel like a dirty old man, everyone looking at me, unclean, out of place, peering at the young girls and hovering nervously, embarrassed. "So this is what the youngsters are wearing these days," I spot one of my teachers and get out fast. She doesn't notice me coz she's a textiles teacher and I wasn't too hot on texiles. Not too keen on colour.

It's another day. I try again, goaded on by those more image-conscious than myself, "You look like you just don't care what you wear," yeah. **SO?**, trying to make me imitate Cindy Crawford or someone. I was in this flat in Preston once after a gig, woke up the next morning and there's Cindy Crawford's tits in my face, 3-D tits at that, I hadn't noticed that poster before. Urrggh, put them away pet, it's too early and I've got the shakes. Right, so anyway I' ve taken my fancy to a little black skimpy top, quite pretty, I root through all the 10s-12s that wouldn't fit a stick, a 14, that's kinda average, I reckon. I ask to try it on, "You need 3 items to use the dressing room," she says, and hands me some stuff off the rack. Green, small. I don't even look at them. I go into the changing room- oh dear, its communal. I'm not fat but I'm normal, I s'pose. People in here weren't normal. I was surrounded by Kate Moss freaks, I bet they even shaved their bellies. Honest to god, someone told me they actually did that. What happens when it starts to grow back all stubbly? Stubbly bellies, must be fun.

FASHION

PARADE,

-While I'm on the subject, are there some unwritten rules about how women are meant to dress and undress? Like in the changing rooms at the swimming baths, all the women seem to have this knack, this process, of doing everything without showing owt of their body... Wherever did they learn such a thing? More to the point, where was I at the time? Coz me, I just lollop around tits bouncing about arse in everyone's face farting whatever, can't even do that trick with the towel where you get it to stay wrapped around yer sen -guess I failed when it comes to 'etiquette' (whatever the fuck that means)...

Right. A brief word of explanation. When I was 13, 14 I had no tits, not really. I'd managed to develop enough to believe I was actually female and not a hermaphrodite, which had been my early pubescent fear (why couldn't I have enjoyed life in those last period free years?) but I had resigned myself to fried eggs. I wouldn't even minded having fried eggs. Then, one morning, they just went "Plop". Weird. Anyway, I didn't really want to bother changing my "body image". I still wanted to get into pretty tops. But this, look, if I say it was like trying to pot a football on a pool table, I'm not angling for a shag, honest. I shoved em around a bit, but it was *embarrassing*. I could feel the blood rushing to my head. God, what an ordeal...

"Well why don't you measure yourself and then you'd know what size you were,"

Orh, I can't be arsed. How the fuck do you measure yer tits, anyhow? Plop them out onto a pair of scales and weigh em? Besides, I don't have a tape measure... And don't smugly tell me you're cool coz you don't need to wear a bra, okay?

-The new feminist, so I've read, the woman who is strong and hard yet sexy at the same time, dresses for herself, enjoys sex, the 'bad girl' shite I've read so much bog roll about. Shit, have I actually been pursuing this ideal? -Yeah, sure, and she has 20 multiple orgasms a day. What the hell are you on about? Forget it, **fuck this**, I think I'll go back to nicking clothes off me boyfriend and spend all my money on cider instead.

you know,"

..TALES FROM PRAGUE... NOT EXACTLY A SCENE REPORT, MORE OF WHAT I DID ON ME 'OLS....

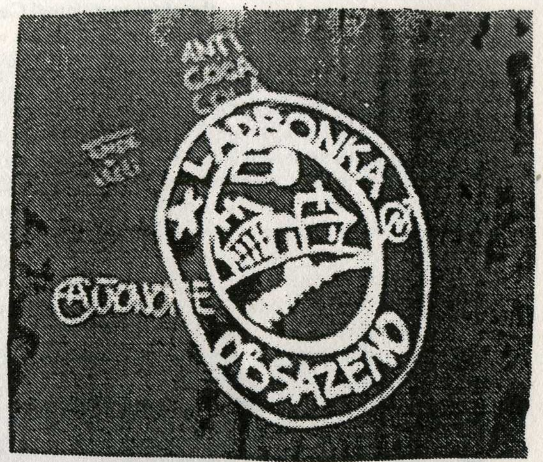
WE departed from London, after a visit with the "in-laws" (they should be so lucky) and finding some Italians to wind up during the World Cup final (I spent the remaining minutes of the penalty shoot-out wandering round Brixton with my boyfriend's psycho mate saying, "If we miss this, I' ll kill you," with a look that said he wasn't joking, and found the squat and the TV everyone else had already run off to just as it was finishing. I wonder if Glen will ever speak to me again); our drivers for the 24 hour journey two recalcitrant, morose Czechs chain-smoking Petra cigarettes, reluctant in their English and with a bizarre line in videos, great long adverts so dull they verged on the surreal- "You Westerners love adverts, therefore we must advertize our coach service at all times," they interrupted the film to remind us of the many hundreds of destinations Jan Hoffman's coaches went to, the film a French Jean-Paul Belmondo flick dubbed into Czech. Had me gripping the edge of my seat... We were hemmed in by the hoards of loud Belgian scouts who had got on at Gent and deposited their bulging rucksacks in the aisle directly adjacent to our seats until we decided that they would swop with us... Arriving at the border five in the morning, mist lifting over the skodas, noticing the sudden change from expensive, lavish Germany, and reaching Prague 3 hours later, in total confusion; the metro signs meaningless to my bleary mind, the language skipping dyslexic about me, all ks and ys and vs, and the houses peeling plaster stucco over bricks, layers of worn textures, colours like chalk. I listened to the woman who sings away in polka Czech on the metro, keep away from the doors, maybe, the station names all 'chanska' and 'stanska'. I smelt the supermarkets, all vanilla and chocolatey, with everyone using trolleys if only to buy two finger rolls, the architecture a mixture of decorative, fussy art nouveau and Hulme-style council estate austere bauhaus functionalism. No-one is in a hurry, everything dawdles. The little dogs, mostly fussy poodles and dachshunds, which the women carry in their shopping baskets with their heads peeking out. And I even got the hang of the metro in a couple of days.

The work of the communists is impressive, sometimes intimidating, the coloured discs which pattern one line of the Soviet built metro stations fairly wacked out but nothing compared to the TV ariel they built to stop Western channels being picked up, an enormous oppressive bulk of futurist steel towering Star Trek-like over the city glaring intimidation. Close by we walked up to this mausoleum, a huge monument to communism where the leaders would once have lain in state, around the walls socialist realist sculpture and reliefs, images of the happy, smiling workers, the great constructive architecture so huge, so dramatic I felt miniscule in stature. An exhibition of Stalinist period art showed the communists, clean cut and happy to work, Uncle Joe and Lenin handsome and honoured, their status in society geometrically worked out in the paintings- so realistic and so unlike the exciting abstractions going on in other art movements of the time.

We visited the ossury at Kutna Hora, this church about one hour's train ride from Prague where it was so hip to be buried in medieval times that they ran out of space in the graveyard and began sculpting the bones of -now- some 40,000 dead into strange and macabre designs which are hung all over this room, the ones not yet used piled high in corners; they're so old that they look more like wood than bones, so many stacked up everywhere it's hard to take it all in, hard to believe that these were, in fact, once people.

T V TOWER (sorry the top's dis - appeared !)

The hostel we stayed at when we first arrived was in the so-called olympic village- it looked more like Hulme to me mind- and in the heat it was a desert. (Phew d'you reckon if I carry on like this I could audition for Judith Chalmer's job?!) Though it was full of Americans, all way too rich and tanned and aryan blond and comfortable in their lives, it was where we tended to lek out, maybe outsde the Indian cafe where the guys who ran it would sit and philosophize with us about life and why we dressed like we did while they used an entire packet to make us coffee like oil, but it did the trick, and maybe we'd meet this French and this Spanish bloke we'd met who were staying nearby; Fran, the Spanish guy, reminded me of Speedy Gonzalez, so we'd sit and chew the shit with them a while coz usually it was too hot to do much else. The first day we met 'em Fran looked fucked, "Last night I take becher with speed,"(becherovka is this herb liqueur, the equivalent to buckfast I guess, and you don't need much to get off your tits)-"I need coffee; I need to go to sleep". So we'd get stoned maybe, one night smashed we went down to the Borat (a dingy, Dutch looking underground club but well touristy and expensive), to see these German performance artists we'd met at the squat the night before - their act seemed to involve exploding fireworks in shopping trolleys and spitting out glass at people- and took the piss out of the American tourists who were coming in by the truckload complete with all their luggage. A few shots of becker and my sarcasm was on the edge. Earlier that evening, we'd visited a beer garden, soon realizing it was the place to score dope and smoke -and laugh at Germans and Swedes toasting and singing traditional drinking songs and going, "SKOL!" We'd spotted a guy I used to know from Bradford who now lived over here, and no doubt fuelled his already more than healthy paranoia. We got the tram back from the Borat, the night tram -unlike Yorkshire Rider's night (fight) rider hardly the fight tram- and this American girl's sitting there with her rucksack on round her front as seems to be all the rage, going to her mate, "And I did a *total Denise...*" (whatever that means), but I'm wrecked so I'm sitting there going to Russ, Oh *I'm a total Denise, I'm a total Denise...*



GRAFFITIED SIGN AT LADRONKA

...Or what about the American cafe, Joe's bar, where they'd sit with their burritos and expensive *American* budweiser arguing about the status of Big Ben. "No, it's a *bell!*" "No it's not, it's a *tower!*" "But it's a *clock!*"

Another amusing American story, we were going up this cable railway one afternoon as the hostel was up a big hill and this was the short cut, and there's these two American tourists complete with video camera, and the guy comes up to Russ, he's going, "Hey, I notice you have a Capitalist Casualties T-shirt on. They're cool. D'you know them? Have you seen them?"

"No, we've never been to America,"

"My band's played with them. We're called TOTAL FUCT. Have you seen us?"

"No, we've never been to America,"

"Also, I noticed you have a Filth patch on your shorts. Did you buy it at one of their shows?"

"No, I've never seen them. My girlfriend made it,"

"That's cool. D'you know J. of Filth plays with the Exploited now?"

Anyhow we crapped onto him for a bit, told them to come up to the squat or 007 sometime when something was on (never did see them again), and left them at the top of the Eiffel Tower where I got vertigo and flipped out.

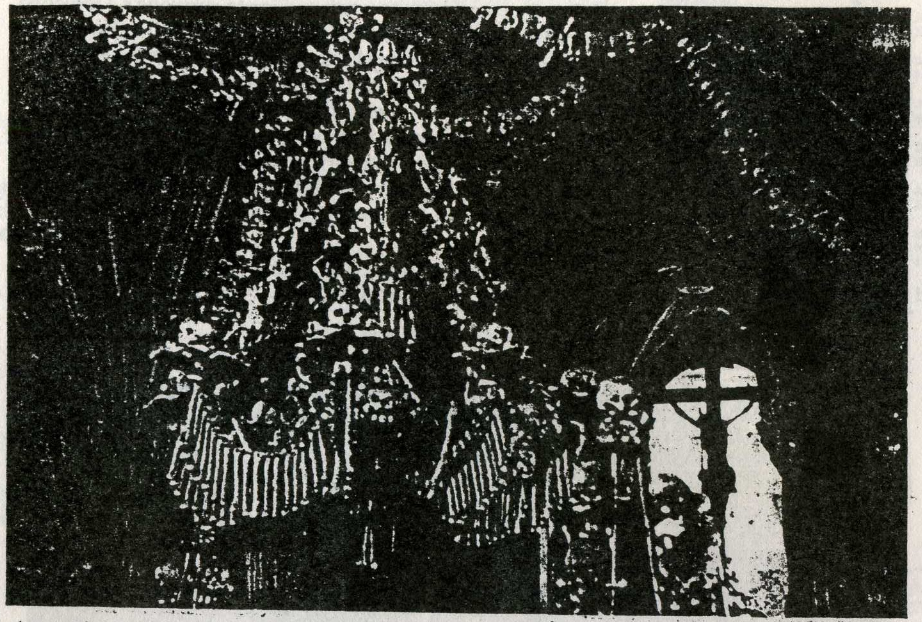
We met up with some Czech punks on our first night at this club the 007 near the hostel, and they said we could stay at their squat, **Ladronka**, a huge farmhouse up in the suburbs which we visited 2 days later to see the afore-mentioned German performance artists. (We didn't tend to go to the 007 too much after that, incidentally; it was sickening to see kids just a few years after the end of communist rule go for the American clone look so much. The Saturday night we went it may just as well have been a club in Britain, y'know, playing Rage Against The Machine, all decked out in expensive designer yank shit.) Anyhow, up at Ladronka:- we met up with some crazy Lithuanian and Polish punks who couldn't have been more than 16 or 17, and I was spotted from a Polish zine with an article about the 1 in 12 club which had a photo of the three members of Witchknot (as was) looking rather pissed. I blushed... We stayed up there once our five days at the hostel were up, with the noisy grasshoppers, in the barn. There was a large courtyard where bands could play, a bar area, it was all self-enclosed and the day we left they were doing work on some of the outbuildings for a library/ place to read zines, get info, etc. I guess in the winter it might not have been so idyllic, and my romantic ideas of sleeping in a barn were quashed on the first night by some hippy twat singing 'Stairway to Heaven' all night as Russ, caffiene hit, rapidly lost it; I believe he issued death threats the next day if there was a repeat performance. The squatters, however, -blessed with more patience than ourselves- were all really cool, some spoke little English (putting me to shame coz English people never try to speak any other languages, really, we just assume everyone else will speak ours) but we got by with a lot of sign language! They seemed very motivated, with numerous demon-strations going on whilst we were there, against McDonalds, and also against a nuclear power station in the South of the Republic. Put off by the threat of deportation, we didn't go.

One night we went to this club the Propast, two big barred doors to get through, you had to ring the bell; then you got a tab for your drinks and paid at the end of the night, 20p a pint (that place was the cheapest but others were only maybe 30p) except we didn't understand and kept paying- there's Class War and Oi Polloi posters and covers of Profane Existence on the wall, and Russ's trying to talk to this guy who hardly spoke any English about his father who trained commandos during World War 2 to assasinate Heydrich or something, he's getting really into this is Russ and these Czech guys who understand English coz they've been to Cheltenham are laughing at us. Weird shit...

And it was way too hot, too hot to go out without water, we were drinking maybe 1 1/2 litres of water and six bottles of beer each night and just sweating it out, only pissing once, hardly feeling the effects of the alcohol unless we drank loads; it didn't get cool, no let up even in the evening. I went out on my own one day and nearly passed out, all my hand swelled up and shit. Scary.

So anyhow, we knew **Doom** and **Extinction of Mankind** were coming over, and we decided to go see them in Brno, to the South, the day before they played Prague. This guy had told me, "Brno is the capital of Doom- even the policemen in Brno love Doom. Everyone there loves Doom..." We'd also been told there were 400 skinheads there. But we decided to risk it...

The train was really cheap, about £4.50 each return, 3 hours each way, air conditioned Intercity on the way back. Here I was on the dole in Britain, living like a yuppie over here. We'd missed the McDonalds demo, saw the square where it had been swarming with cops and the staff busily washing the windows, and hastily set off in search of the tram stop to the venue. As we got nearer more and more punks joined us, with more getting on at each stop, and the street thronging with people. The gig was insane. Extinction of Mankind turned up in shock after the 7 hour journey, "It's like being fooking Slayer," they said, apparently in Poland the night before they'd played in a venue which held 400 capacity to 600 people, some hanging off the roof, some having had arrived at 7 a.m. to see 'em, after the gig the cops had turned up with spiked chains around their wrists and tear gas and started beating everyone up, no shit. They were being treated like rock gods, it was difficult to imagine that this band playing to 500 plus people was the same one we'd seen at the club in front of a handful of indifferent bystanders, where staying in to watch Ireland in the World Cup was more popular than going to a gig, that that was in the country all these people thought was somehow better than their's... me, Russ and this little Czech guy from the squat were taking the piss out of Doom, who had women offering themselves to them, and it's funny how the Czech pronunciation of E. of M. appears to be '*Extension* of Mankind... I could barely get to the front to take photos; even for the first band, S.O. War from Poland (pretty mental, fucked-up metally stuff) the floor opened and people started half killing themselves on the dance floor (One by One would've loved it- bitch, bitch), and the heat was unbearable, limbs were swelling up in the sauna-like heat. The bar sold out of beer, then vodka, until all that was left was this peppermint liquer- creme'de monthe, or summat. it tasted like toothpaste.



(REAL) BONES AT THE OSSURY AT KUTNA HORA

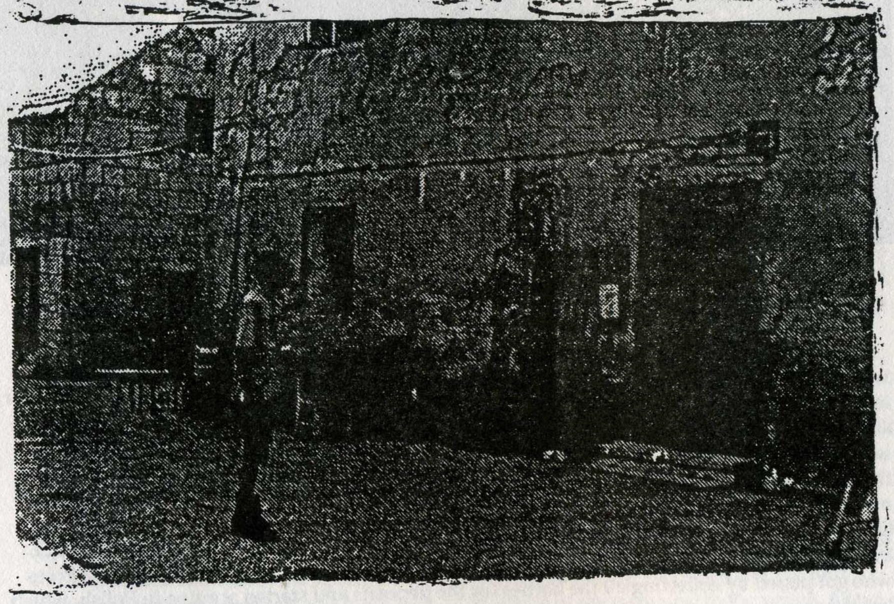
After speaking bad English for so long (me and Russ had actually started talking slowly and wildly gesticulating to each other) it was good to talk in an unintelligable northern accent to our fellow Brits abroad. Once the gig had finished the police, who'd shown up some time before, started hassling everyone for I.D, "Control, control," maybe coz of the demo, maybe coz they were that way inclined, but we never did see any of those 400 skinheads, except for a couple at the station the day after that were probably German. It was full of punks, the station, -way outnumbering those two skins- as we made our way back to Prague for more of the same. At one point in Doom's set at the 007 they were drowned out by a stage invasion shouting, "POLICE BASTARD, police bastard" all the way through the song... We met up with some crazed Poles who got pissed by collecting all the bottles for the deposits and started arguing in Polish, which has the speed and confrontational tone of Italian; I had to carry this one lass, totally off her face - we'd had to prop her up on the tram- from the tram stop to the squat, and I was far from sober, with Stephan the French guy we knew, she was screaming at him and crying in Polish, I don't know how we got back but we did. So inspiring was the gig that five people had gone out and smashed up McDonalds afterwards...

↵ SEE THE BANDS FOR THE X-RATED VERSION. HA HA!!

The next day felt like a bit of an anticlimax, but there was still loads of punks about, and someone said there was a gig on at the Propast; turned out it was Dog on a fucking Rope, I couldn't believe it! I was going, "Oh no!", the Czechs couldn't understand why, but we went anyway, just missed 'em and talked to these Czechs who'd been living in Amsterdam and Berlin, as well as giving some mates from Bradford and Leeds a shock; it was weird how we kept getting into in-depth conversations on politics and heavy shit after a few beers- like I hardly ever talk politics normally! I guess it makes a change from the usual drink/ drugs stories (like this one?!)... we were saying how much more 'genuine' or whatever the scene seems overhere compared to England, and this guy shows us a poster for a 'HC salon' at the Propast, y'know, get yer dreadlocks done, yer sides shaved, punk hairdos, I guess it's pervaded everywhere...

Anyhow I didn't wanna leave, didn't wanna go back to where talking to someone's a foregone conclusion, y'know what the conversation's gonna be like before you've even had it, back in the United Apathy Kingdoms, but leave I had to. The journey back from London was the worst of all, Brenda the fat Bradford battleaxe our hostess on the coach, Mrs. fuckin courtesy, spouting bureaucracy, 24 hour drive's had nothing on her. No doubt I'll be back, or maybe visit the people I met in Poland (I can read *some* of the addresses anyhow!), and a big hi to all the sound folks I met over there. Oh, and even though it was shut the day we visited, I wanna mention the Black Hand center (sic) over there, which I would've liked to have seen- a still being renovated autonomous community centre place. -Stay strong and don't let the disease of apathy kill off what looks to be a cool scene!

-IF ya wanna write to the black hand folk, the address is Black Hand Foundation/ Kafkova 9/ Praha 6/ 160 00/ Czech Republic. - Support them!



RUSS LOOKING GORMLESS IN THE LADRONKA COURTYARD

to drinks of less quantity and higher alcohol delivery, which look extremely smart and people like holding in bars."

Young people, say marketing types, are "promiscuous", have a "widening portfolio" and are "occasion specific" in their drinking habits.

ıgo. One survey suggests that a million people a week who go to raves spend an average £40, none of it on alcohol. Anoth-

Even more remarkable is that few will admit to drinking the stuff. One straw poll

Frés
CIDRE BLOND cider
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Forty pounds spent on raves, he argues, is £40 that could be spent on cider.

OH, HOW TRUE!

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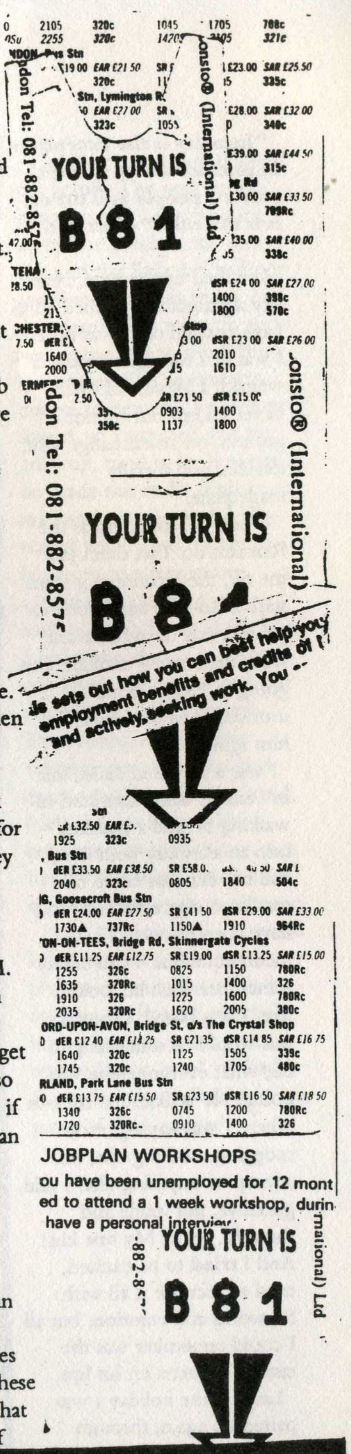
In the middle Ages the church considered money-lenders as sellers of time, and how could time be sold, since it belonged to all creatures? How could you sell the day, the eternal light, and the night, perpetual rest? Now, if you're poor, you're not even expected to be able to use your time yourself; that's something the D.S.S. takes from you because the unemployed, the poor, have no need for it. They'd only go out theiving or drug-taking, and Big Brother knows best how you spend your time. Are you constantly on the look-out for work? Could you start at any time? Could you spend the next few months sitting in a Job Club doing nothing? What d'you *mean* you've got better things to do? You have no job, therefore you don't *do* anything... -Your time is ours... Time is money, and if you have no money, be prepared to give over your time... -At the bottom life is one long succession of queues- dole office, housing office, council house waiting lists. Hospital waiting lists. Bus queues. And on and on... the Victorian work ethic; spare time is a reward for hard work, leisure is earned, not just there for you to take. So you clock in, clock out, have holidays when the bank decides. Free time= economics.

Who do you think invented the calendar? Days, months, hours, minutes? Do you think God did? Don't you know it's been twisted for political means for centuries, since before they had centuries... You think your concept of time is fixed, like the senses, or instinct? It's only a convention...

-Ever noticed how they always play R.E.M. in the housing office? You're waiting half an hour, with only 'The Grocer' to keep you entertained, but you don't mind, you don't get irate 'cause R.E.M. are playing and they're so nice, so pleasant, pleasantly anaesthetic. And if it's not them it's the Cranberries, oh, how can you hate them when she's got such a lovely voice, it soothes you like a soporific sponge. They take your time and lull you with goddamn R.E.M...

"Perhaps the most important way the urban bourgeousie spread its culture was the revolution it effected in the mental categories of medieval man. The most spectacular of these revolutions, without a doubt, was the one that concerned the concept and measurement of time."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JOBPLAN WORKSHOPS
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ed to attend a 1 week workshop, durin
have a personal interview

CREATE YOUR OWN TIME

"We screamed because it was the done thing. We egged each other on."

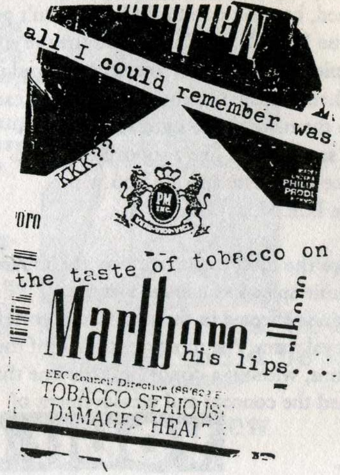
"Insanity is the exception in individuals. In groups, parties, people and times, it is the rule." -*Nietzche.*

I walked up the road, apart. My aquaintances seemed all to have copped off. I was bored. I was in a foreign country, a weirdo, a 14 year old who never lekked out on home ground, on an exchange visit, terrified and socially inadequate.

When in Rome, do as the Romans do. I let them pair me off, these conniving lasses, with a lad who had been pen pal to a boy in my class and who, fortunately enough, was going to Exeter in the morning. I never had to see him again.

I was a sheltered child, lost in France, who submitted to walking behind a building into an alleyway with him, and my first kiss tasted of marlboro cigarettes and must have been pretty inconsequential. I can barely remember what he looked like. I was bored; I thought this would be something to do, what everyone else was doing. He walked me back to where I was staying, more snogging, nothing else, no attempt at anything else. I said goodbye, got inside and thought, wow! My first kiss! And I **tried** to be excited, tried to recreate it all with fireworks and emotion, but all I could remember was the taste of tobacco on his lips.

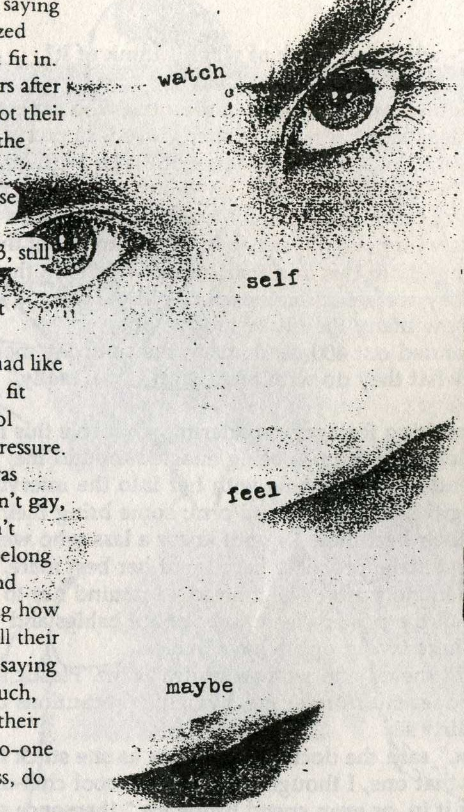
Later in the holiday I was paired up again, through boredom, conformity, curiousity, whatever. His name was Vincent, Pryce perhaps, 'cause my little Dracula taught me the meaning of the word shag stamp, biting and sucking ferociously at my neck. One time I asked him to stop it, most of the time I couldn't be bothered. I couldn't be bothered when this seemed to have nothing to do with sex, when I couldn't understand why he mauled and groped me and aside from morbid fascination didn't really care, and I think he really did like me, whilst I was utterly disinterested in him.



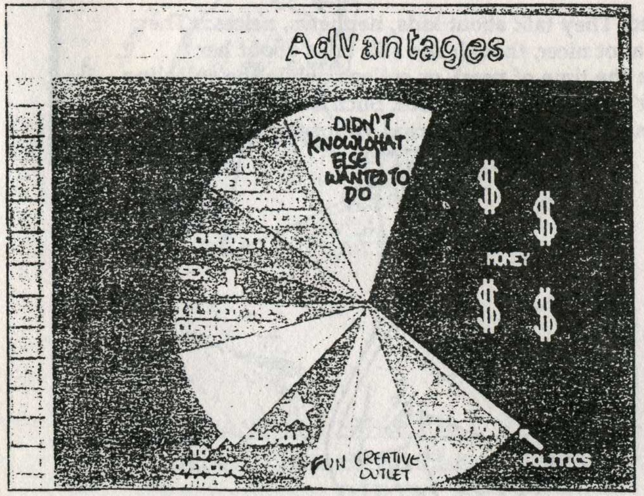
Sometimes there's no point in going against the flow, even if there seems like no reason for doing what you're doing. I put toothpaste on the bites like someone told me and they itched and smelled but went down and I never removed my hippy scarf for weeks. Lisa B—s, who came from a nice home, said they were disgusting and ugly and other words beginning with 'de' and I listened and nodded and let him do it again. And when the time came for us to go home I tried so hard to cry that I was leaving him with the other girls but the tears weren't there, and we wrote and exchanged words of undying love like the stories in Just 17 and promptly forgot about each other.

And we would be there, in a line, snogging away and I played their game, but I think I missed something. Perhaps puberty's just one big piss take, or maybe it was just me that wasn't in on the joke. They must've thought I was very slow, but I was an intelligent girl, I wasn't stupid, but it seemed like this was the way to behave. It had nothing to do with anything, just with boredom, with summat to do and what's the point in saying no. A charade, a ritualized ceremony to prove you fit in. And it was nearly 3 years after that until anyone else got their tongue anywhere near the inside of my gob.

On TV I watched these teenagers talking about coming out at 13. At 13, still worried I was a hermaphrodite, I wasn't attracted to anyone, pretending I was boy mad like the rest of em, Heath is fit IDST all over my school books but it was peer pressure. And I was worried, I was worried like fuck I wasn't gay, I wasn't straight, I wasn't anything. no scene to belong to, no 'a-sexual chic' and these girls on TV, saying how they didn't fit in with all their friends reading Just 17, saying they fancied such and such, but they'd actually got their shit *sorted out.* I mean no-one gets off on their first kiss, do they? ***Do they?***



puberty's one big piss-take



ANNIE SPRINKLE:-'PORNOGRAPHICS.'

-Thinking about the image I put across. The way people perceive me. I was walking across the precinct the other day and this little kid had got seperated from his mum, he was stranded in my path and I was trying to get round him, crowds are like an obstacle course sometimes, he looked scared, so I stopped, put my arms up, tried to let him past, he made this really frightened wailing noise, looked really scared and legged it over to his mum to safety in her comforting hands. And I looked at his face and felt as if I had donned a mask, a mask of twisted evil intent without realizing it. I felt criminal. Even though I had done nothing, no evil intent had even gone through my mind, I felt for that instant like a convicted child molester. Am I really this social pariah that children aren't safe to be near?

I like looking hard, if indeed I do, and not like someone projecting an image of down-trodden nerdness. It doesn't bother me too much to be referred to as "son" or "lad". *But to frighten small children as a potential child molester?*

the family planning clinic- what do I think of what I think of it?

-Men too embarrassed to go down and get free johnnies, but who expect me to drop my knickers, spread my legs and have that rubber-gloved, sanitized, a-sexual hand up my twat. Doctors so amazingly ugly, like Janet St.Porter with leprosy, maybe that's what they mean by family planning, coz you're put off sex till next time you come. Bags and bags of tubes and pills and 'supplies', boxes and packets and a big white so anonymously obvious paper bag to put them all in; the receptionists sit there muttering about this and that, about what's on the TV tonight, you wouldn't think they were packing boxes of pill packets, or johnnies, till they start to moan about how many they have to give out.

"D'you know, we must've handed out 400 condoms at the saturday morning clinic last week, you wonder what they do with them, don't you, really," Tut, tut, tut

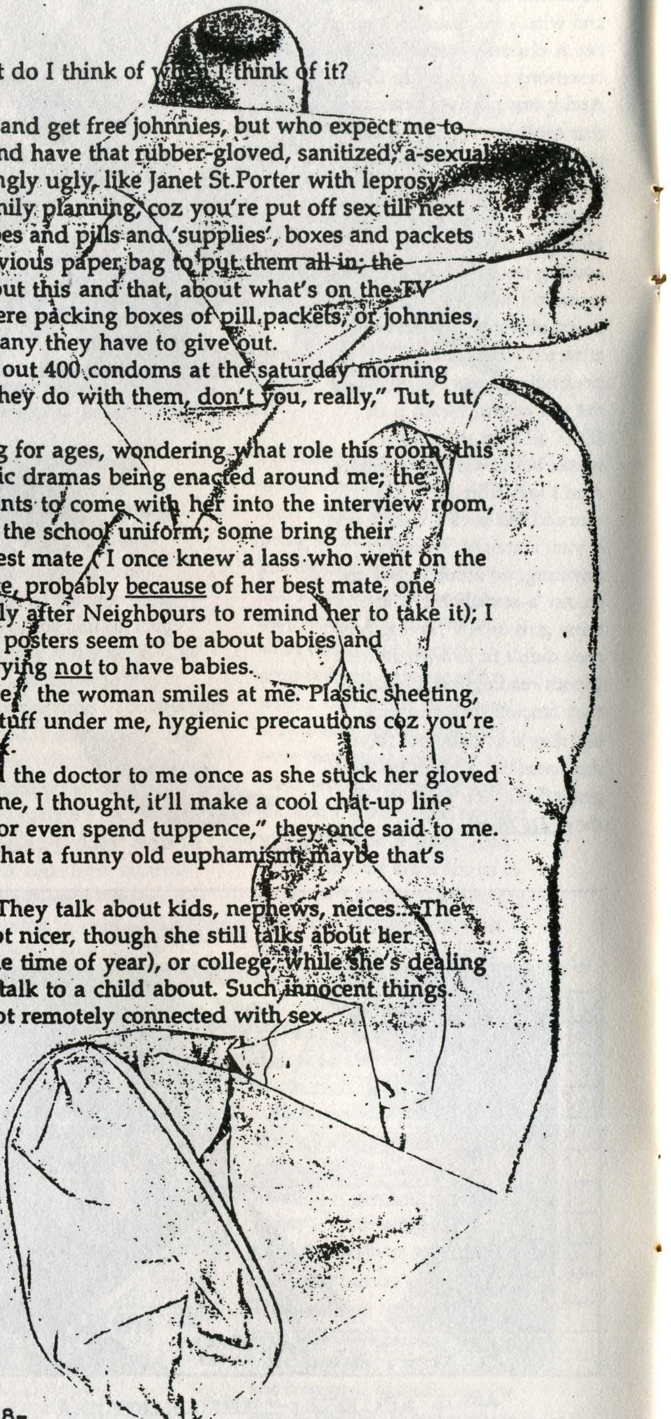
No, not really, as I sit there waiting for ages, wondering what role this room, this clean pink room, has in the domestic dramas being enacted around me; the young woman whose boyfriend wants to come with her into the interview room, she's trying to stop him, the girl in the school uniform; some bring their boyfriends, some come with their best mate (I once knew a lass who went on the pill at the same time as her best mate, probably because of her best mate, one would ring the other up immediately after Neighbours to remind her to take it); I all alone to look at the walls, all the posters seem to be about babies and vaccination, and we're all in here trying not to have babies.

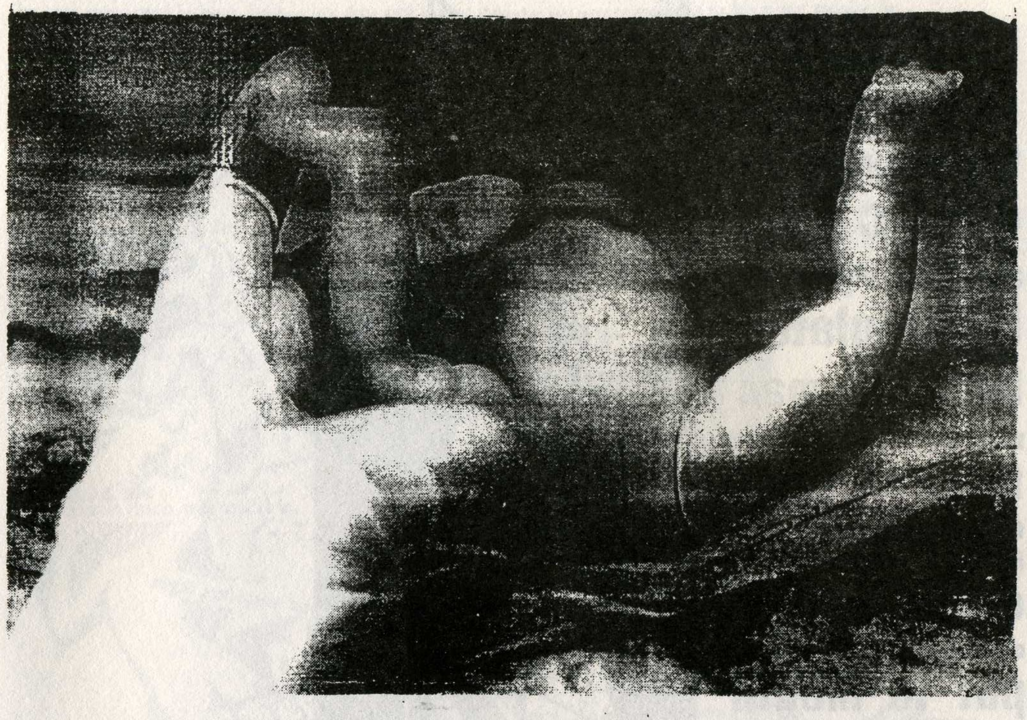
"If you'd just like to lie down there," the woman smiles at me. Plastic sheeting, plastic gloves, rolls of toilet paper stuff under me, hygienic precautions coz you're unclean, been having dirty, dirty sex.

"You have a very nice cervix," said the doctor to me once as she stuck her gloved fingers up me. I'll remember that one, I thought, it'll make a cool chat-up line

"Try spending a penny with it in, or even spend tuppence," they once said to me. I guess that means having a shit, what a funny old euphamism, maybe that's where 'no.2s' comes from.

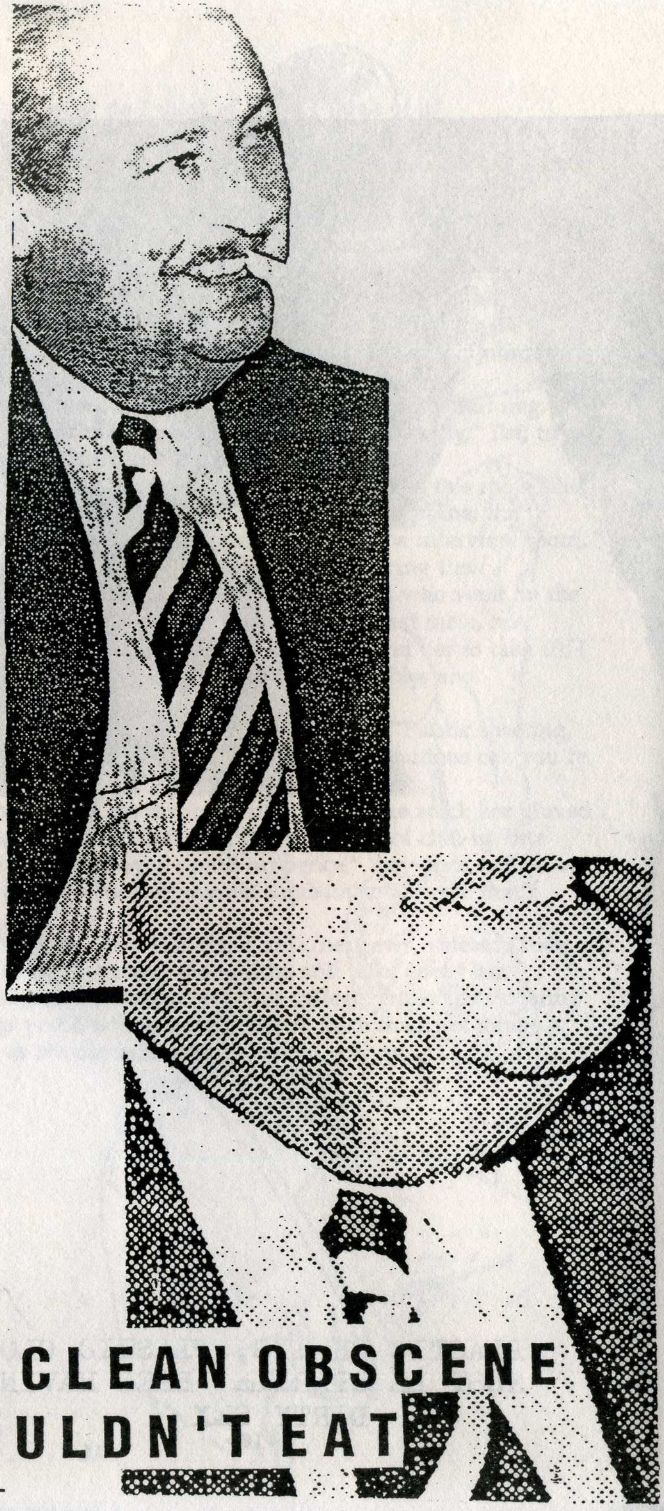
They have assistants to gossip to. They talk about kids, nephews, neices...The ugly doctor went, the new ones a lot nicer, though she still talks about her holidays (or xmas, depending on the time of year), or college, while she's dealing with me. Nice topics, things you'd talk to a child about. Such innocent things. Anything, I s'pose, as long as it's not remotely connected with sex.





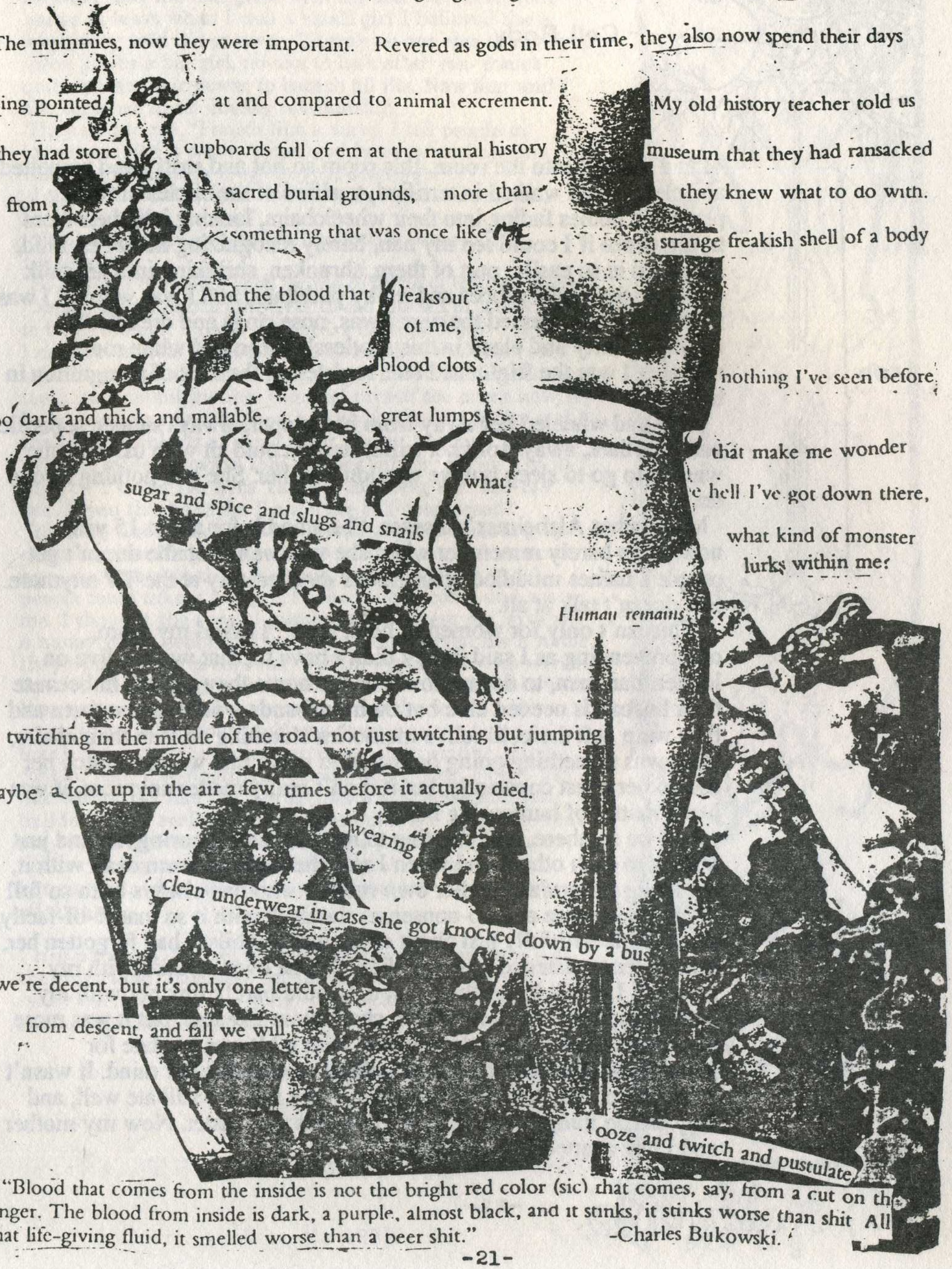
PLASTIC SHEETS, PLASTIC GLOVES,
MUST BE STERILE BEEN HAVING dirty
DIRTY SEX

there's something so
obscene
about the sight of an
immaculately
besuited man
masticating on his food.
fingering at the
fastidiously housewife wrapped
in cling film or kitchen roll
dainty portions
of meal- tupperware lunchbox
put to mouth
napkin dabbing at
his dribbled down chin
meticulously wiping
clean starch crisp shirt



STARCH CLEAN OBSCENE
SHOULDN'T EAT

I went down to London to visit the museums on a history trip once. I must've been 14 or 15 I think. Can't quite remember. While I was there, as well as seeing quite a few mummies, I saw the body in the bog, affectionately known as Pete Marsh, Pete Bog, etc. This body is thousands of years old, but because he was preserved in peat, he has his skin still intact. Maybe he was important in his time; maybe he wasn't, I don't know. But I guess he might have been treated with slightly more respect than to think he was gonna have schoolkids a few millenia later going, "Urgh, look at 'im, he looks like dogshit."



The mummies, now they were important. Revered as gods in their time, they also now spend their days

being pointed at and compared to animal excrement. My old history teacher told us

they had store cupboards full of em at the natural history museum that they had ransacked

from sacred burial grounds, more than they knew what to do with.

something that was once like strange freakish shell of a body

And the blood that leaksout
of me,
blood clots
nothing I've seen before

too dark and thick and mallable, great lumps
that make me wonder
what
e hell I've got down there,
sugar and spice and slugs and snails
what kind of monster
lurks within me?

Human remains

twitching in the middle of the road, not just twitching but jumping

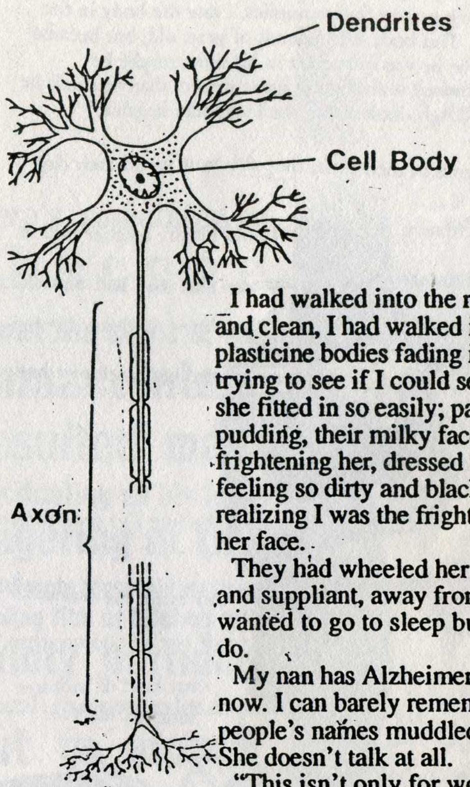
maybe a foot up in the air a few times before it actually died.

wearing
clean underwear in case she got knocked down by a bus

we're decent, but it's only one letter
from descent, and fall we will,

ooze and twitch and pustulate

"Blood that comes from the inside is not the bright red color (sic) that comes, say, from a cut on th finger. The blood from inside is dark, a purple, almost black, and it stinks, it stinks worse than shit All that life-giving fluid, it smelled worse than a beer shit." -Charles Bukowski.



I had walked into the room, this room so hot and stuffy and carpetted and clean, I had walked in terrified, terrified of the circles of frail, plasticine bodies fading into their wheelchairs, looking into their faces trying to see if I could see my nan, barely recognizing her when I did, she fitted in so easily; part of them, shrunken, shrinking into her milk pudding, their milky faces and milky puddings, and I was worried I was frightening her, dressed the way I was, nose rings and dreadlocks, feeling so dirty and black in this spotlessly clean and white room, realizing I was the frightened one, registering the lack of recognition in her face.

They had wheeled her away from her supper, always supper, soporific and suppliant, away from her trifle, so she could sit with us. And she wanted to go to sleep but we wouldn't let her. She had nothing else to do.

My nan has Alzheimer's disease. She's had it for about 15 years now. I can barely remember when she was well. But she doesn't get people's names muddled up or jabber incoherently at the TV anymore. She doesn't talk at all.

"This isn't only for women in here, is it?" I asked my mum, comprehending as I said it they didn't have to, that women live on longer than men, to decay slowly in the home they arrived in because their husbands needed care but their husbands would die on them and they were left there, to relive memories clutching dolls in their chairs, there was something going on inside to make that woman clutch her doll to her chest constantly, but it didn't really matter anymore, it was just a matter of humouring her.

And we sat there, half chatting to my nan, half ignoring her and just talking to each other. And when I saw the way my mum dealt with it, not being recognized by her own mother who had always been so full of common sense and no-nonsense, she dealt with it so matter-of-factly, she did this faithfully just about every week, whilst I had forgotten her, ignored her existence now she didn't come over at xmas with my grandad. I didn't know this person, I could barely link her with my memories, there was a moulded, charicature likeness, but it was more like a wax model. How do you deal with it? It was too late for moralizing, apportioning blame, talk of stimulating her mind. It wasn't a bad place; they kept them clean and nice and she still ate well, and they did do things with them at christmas and easter. Now my mother and I just chatted to each other.

I'm a big girl now. I won't cry 'cause I'm a big girl. Small girl was told when she became a big girl she'd know better than to be scared of things, *silly things,* and you grow out of all **that**. But the fear grew with me and it's worse now, 'cause at least when I was a small girl I believed them when they said it'd go away. There's no-one else to save you when you're a big girl, no-one to look after you- mums quickly lose their power to banish all ills. Now fear and I live together in an uneasy relationship.

They said to me, "Panic's like a wave. I tell people to imagine it like a wave, 'cause you know what happens when a wave comes towards you, don't you?"

I thought about it for a few minutes. "uhh.." I started, hesitantly. "You drown?"

"Well, that's not quite what I meant. It passes. It subsides."

So it never did much good for me to think of it like a wave.

Mostly fear's nocturnal. Gets to me when I'm alone. Try to be in control. I know I'm here. I **have** to know I'm here. I can feel myself. I can see and hear. I live with this void, this blackness, all-consuming fear. This thing. Grind my teeth in constant motion. Can feel myself too much now, my heart beating, my existence, but it's faster and faster and I can't help thinking at some point it's got to **stop**

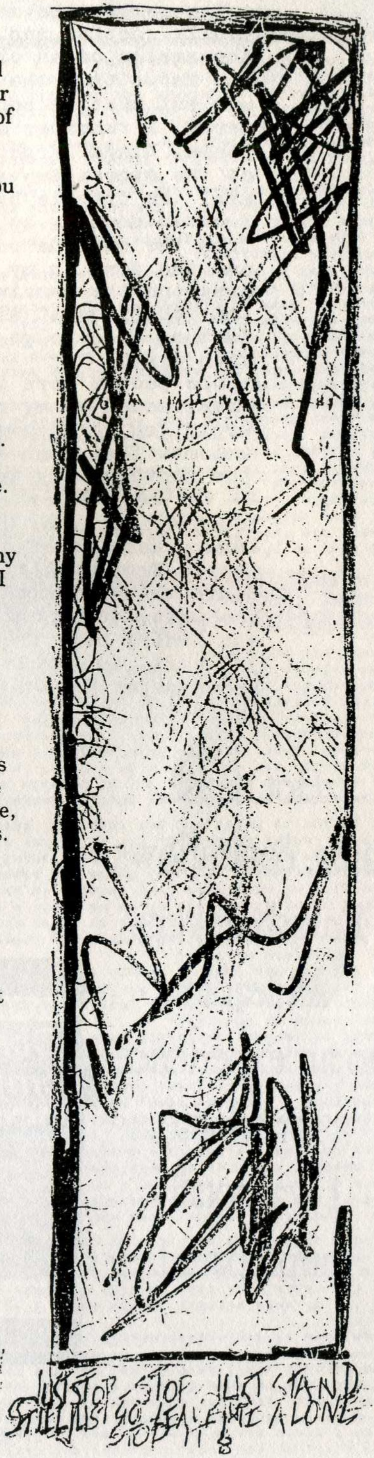
Talk to myself, always talk. Yabber yabber yabber. I'm in control. I know I'm here 'cause I can hear me. **Me me me.** D'you think maybe I'm a little self-obsessesed?

To exist- like a void- heavy- almost tangible- gobbling up existence- snuffing out the light- just like that- fear won't go away. I used to think it would, used to think special people could take it away, if I asked them, come and assess me. I thought the special people would assess me, give me a name- mad- neurotic- then, once they'd given me a name, they would begin to cure me. But they just deal with words. Fear is stronger than words. It's been around since before they were invented. Fear's not like words, words I can trust; if you write your problems down you can begin to break them down; concrete problems, but writing won't control fear, free-floating, without-reason fear. Fear's not like words, it's like the heiroglyphics of science and tall buildings and really large numbers and the squiggles that are always inside my head like Miro paintings, trying to butt in on my conversation. It's mental vertigo and I'm hanging on, white knuckles, clenching but I won't jump off, I **can't.**

Hip paranoia. So cool to be paranoid and neurotic if it's the right kind, harmless conspiracy theories, like you really *need* to make up things to be scared of. When you can be just plain scared.

I TRIED TO DRAW IT AS
BEST I COULD—

[illegible]

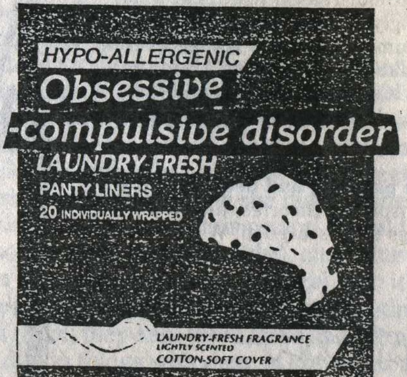

JUST STOP STOP JUST STAND STILL JUST GO LEAVE ME ALONE
STOP IT

I remember the smell of oppressive rooms, clean smells, dettol and disinfectant and air freshener, the smells of an obsessive compulsively ill person who knows that the war waged upon dirt will never be won but must be continually fought and never surrendered. I remember my relationship with these spotless rooms, biege carpet, blinds, my relationship in terms of the oppressive space, the stuffy, centrally heated air, the fragile balance of cleanliness which I knew I would destroy by being human, by the mud on my boots from the outside world and the dandruff in my hair and the dirt in my fingernails and the snot in my nose and the remains of my tea down my top. Why does the receptionist always feel so at home? Doesn't she fart or need to go to the toilet or come into contact with dirt?

The people here in this vacuum like existence seem embarrassed by my relationship with the physical world, so they cover it up with small-talk and euphamisms. They wish to disassociate my problems from the context they were born in, and into their world of subtle nieeties and scientific words. The cold touch of surgical steel and plastic gloves. The evasionary tactics of graceless, clumsy euphamisms, anaesthetic from reality. The moralizing, condescending stare which preceeds the whitewashing of my self into the wall, cover all with the reassuring odour of dettol and lenor; stay fresh all day long. You are dirty, you emit. You evolve. A brown paper bag, an anonymous brown paper bag is where we shall place the physical world.

Hot days.
Jams, contraflows,
brutish drivers.
All leading
to an experience
for which
I was totally
unprepared.

My knickers felt
fresh on.



I'm sure you'll enjoy wearing
knickers that stay as fresh as
the day is long.

it's getting personal with the kitchen staff, who don't dig my attitude. S'funny, but they swear it wasn't their mistake, yet we are the ones on the front line who have to combat the anxiety that the person who lives for this day of dairy delight, will now have to make do with a sultana sponge.
The kitchen staff have horns, and are loan from Satan, they piss, and reek of shit, yet maintain some form of hygiene standard; they're lying bastards!
My day of work worship is now over. I've sat'n'sipped the thick, tar like quality of black coffee, and stared at the boss who mother's me, listened to my co-working compadres, recollect old holiday stories
My day of work is over.....my time is now.

An infestation greater than the Babylonian get together, the hordes of indestructables litter the avenues of each and every one I walk. I think up ways of passing new laws to make humanity illegal, then stop to take shelter in a doorway to roll up a toker, whilst watching the fast forward antics of the populate swarm in all directions, as if there's no tomorrow. A nicotine rush, combined with the caffeine I consumed earlier, induces a swift, dizzy moment. A group of girls approach then disappear from view as our entities merge, then pass. The sweet smell of sublime sexuality laced up with sexy success taunts my nostrils.
Shopping time. Fuck food, just pop a pill and fit my colostomy bag. Things in life can be made so much easier, yet there's always some buffoon who has to complicate matters.
4.50pm, I'm standing and a queuing, temporarily sanitized from the neck up, and spinning cautiously around every 15 seconds or so to sneak a glimpse at the girl of my dreams (for today). Is it the PVC bondage trousers perhaps? Maybe the slender, and milk like quality of virgin, white skin? Eventually I'm no longer impressed, for it is but an idealistic notion to hold, and one that will forever haunt.

A sanctuary reclaimed, my nest of inequity, the very same place that spat out my persona some millenium afore, and one that I do retreat to every night.
Another toker, another bomb going off somewhere, another chorus from the torturing fanatics, and just one more eloquent disguise to feign.
Drink to forget. Waste the time, and listen. Sit and wonder, then stagger for the bowl into which I can release the liquid that stinks.
Sometimes burnt out.

So now, on the eve of our supposed 2 Thousandth year, the twilight gathers slyly over the shrouds of more bellowing despair to come. Darkened times, gaslights flicker dim, only to be replaced by the indisposable, and forver usable sustainment of plastic that is shrink wrapped in a sterile cocoon of delight and obsession. We have no need for worry anymore, for the machine now assembles the anxieties, and covers the shit with a liberal sprinkling of sugar; makes the bittersweet aftertaste a more palatable experience.
When now, with the machine lurching into higher gear, manufacturing the pills to keep the sick awake, when all they wish for is for the saviour to come and take them away. Who needs life to continue forever, when we already have the technology to eradicate all that we no longer require. The corporations that kill, are also the ones that save- they own both directions.
A possessive nature grasps the selfish, insecure clans who have no compassion or after thought as they continue to inflict the punishment with their binding and pathological claims to fame, by procreating the seed into another nought year old manifestation of ugly sin. Another parasite that the rock cannot support, as it is dry of any worth, of nothing but emptiness.
Like you really need another sad extension in human form to bruise with your own pathetic existence.
Nail your body skyward, fuck your immortality.
The reversal of life has begun.

HOMAGE TO HOMEBREW

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The following all distribute DUHHH, but is only a small proportion of the many mailorder distributors out there.

BORED: P.F. 752, Winterthur 8402, Switzerland
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Cheers is also extended to the cool individuals, such as Tommy, Ben, John W, and Yiannis (both of 'em!), for taking on a few copies.

Cool, DIY, and trustworthy distributors in places like Japan, South America, Eastern Europe and beyond, more North American, etc, would be swell, write if you can help out?!

The following distributors: DISUSED (UK), and SUBVERSION (UK), no longer distribute DUHHH as I believe them to be unsurpulous fucks who have (at time of writing) ripped me off (the former), and been very flakey (the latter), and until I'm told, or made aware otherwise, will remain on the list of shame.

For a more extensive list of distributors, send an SAE/IRC to Andy C. PO Box HK31, LEEDS LS11 9XN, UK, for a copy of: "Directory Of Distributors". Alternately, get a copy of the latest "Book Your Own Fuckin' Life" from ACTIVE at £2 a pop.

Also, if you live in the UK, send your name, address, and a bunch of loose, and un-used stamps to: ARMED WITH ANGER MAILOUT, PO Box 487, Bradford, BD7 4UZ. and every 3 months you will recieve, a fat packed, A5 fun filled envelope containing wads of stuff (ie: flyers distributors catalogues, the HOW WE ROCK news letter, etc), which will keep you up to date with what's going on in the UK punk scene.
UK RESIDENTS ONLY!!

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